

SENSE OF SIGHT

Below the tree's green-yellow leaves, shafts of light slant toward the ground. Dust particles, like muted diamonds, swim, circling upward. These glowing bits of dust spin dizzily up the streams of light until they climb, swirling into the tree's canopy of green, yellow, and heavy shade.

SENSE OF HEARING

He slammed the door shut and kicked the trash can across the room. It banged into the desk and clattered along the wall. In a few dying spins it groaned and sighed, and in a few seconds rattled to a stop. He eased his body into a chair and felt the leather wheeze against his body. Then he closed his eyes and waited for the click of the door handle.

SENSE OF TOUCH

I cradled the handle of the hoe in my palms and jabbed at the weeds again and again. Soon blisters formed. With each jab the blisters swelled and screamed. Each pull of the hoe rubbed them raw. Fluid popped out and the red layer of skin, exposed to the air, burned even more. I picked at the skin and ripped the dead layers away. Every time the raw skin made contact, circles of pain raced through every nerve, searching for relief.

SENSE OF SMELL

Sliding into my car, last night's sweaty workout assaulted my nose. The musk had mingled with my sheepskin seatcovers, bringing the kicking, bleating animal alive to my nostrils. Because the rain pounded against my car's windows, I drove fourteen miles with the heavy dampness of sheep's wool smothering me.